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OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

VOL. II.—CHAP. XIV.

Why Barclay prefers a brute to Gregory.—Silence without consent.—A ghost.—Gregory goes to prayers.—A fellow collegian.—A man asleep going to see the races. Cant phrases.—Breakfast.—Sir William—His hobby-horse.—A great talker, but not at all troublesome.—New fashioned furniture.—How Bill informed Sir William the carriage was ready.—A party, all three bottle men except one.

GREGORY saw that Barclay was displeased, and followed, with his eyes on the ground, not daring to utter a word. At last our hero said—'I am ashamed of you, Gregory, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you continue thus, at all risks, to gratify your sensual passions, I know not what will become of you. 'Tis brutish; nay, the brute has the advantage of you, for you have not even the instinct common to them, since the veriest beast shuns the thing that does it harm: you court your ruin.'

Gregory was dumb, and might seem to consent to Barclay's remark, but he was very far from it. It was a matter of as much surprise to him, how other people could abstain from doing as he did, as it could be to them, that he was guilty of it.

Continuing his lecture, Barclay proceeded along the road, until, owing to the stillness of the night, his attention was excited by the sound of feet, and looking up, he beheld, about a hundred yards before him, a figure in white, which, at that distance, appeared not unlike a woman. Barclay pointed at it, and asked Gregory what he tho't it was. Gregory stared at it for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'It's a man in a winding-sheet! It's coming towards us too!—Some troubled spirit, depend on't! Pray, sir, let us run!'

'No, by no means,' replied Barclay.

The figure approached with long and hasty strides. Gregory's teeth began to chatter in his head. Though he had not been fed, like Achilles, on lion's marrow, yet he did not want courage to attack any thing human; but his terror of supernatural beings was excessive; and it was, in this instance, increased by the recollection of his recent sins. He trembled from top to toe. Barclay himself stood aghast, while the moon shone on its pale face as it drew nearer and nearer. Gregory could not support himself any longer, but falling on his knees, set about muttering the Lord's Prayer in a very inarticulate tone. Unconcerned, and with its eyes fixed, it stalked bye. Barclay had now seen enough of it to dispel his fears, and could not help laughing at Gregory's dismay.

'*How now, Horatio?*' he cried, quoting Shakspeare—'*you tremble and look pale. Is not this something more than phantasy?*—Yes, to be sure it is, for its a man in his shirt, walking in his sleep; therefore, get up, you fool, and do not kneel there, frightening yourself with your own silly imagination.

Gregory seeing that the figure had passed, and that Barclay was not afraid, began to recover his courage; but when our hero said that he would go after it and wake it, lest it should do itself any harm, Gregory's fears returned, and he entreated him not to meddle with it on any account.

'*I'll cross it though it blast me!*' cried Barclay; and set off, running after it, while Gregory followed, not wholly abandoning him, but not appearing as if he intended to assist him.

Barclay soon succeeded in bringing the ghost to his senses, when, to his great surprise, he recognized an old fellow-collegian.—'Why what the deuce are you at? Lindley,' he exclaimed, 'cooling your heels in this manner, in the middle of the night?'

'What, Barclay!' ejaculated the other, staring at him. 'But, am I awake?' Here he gave a view hollon, and shaking himself, cried, 'yes I am, well then, I'll tell you how the rig runs.'

He now informed Barclay, using a profusion of cant jockey phrases, that he was in the habit of walking a little in his sleep, and that having made a few private races for the next day, he had no doubt he had either walked out of the window or the door, (the latter of which was the fact) and was going in a hand gallop to the race-course. 'But,' said he, 'what the devil brought you here? Do you walk in your sleep too?'

'No, no,' replied Barclay, 'the story is too long to tell you now, but my affairs are not so flourishing as they were when you knew me at college, and I am making the best of my way to London.'

'Sorry for that!' said he; 'but I heard some'at on it. Dad died, eh! and did not leave you one guinea to rub against another. Well, but come let's be stirring.—You shall go with me: father's house is close by: I'll give you a stall, and you shall have the *run of your teeth* with me, as long as you like.'

Barclay knew his ways, and was sure it would be in vain to refuse him.—'Well, but,' said he, 'I can furnish you with a little covering, that you may not catch cold.'

'Ah, cloathing!' cried the other, 'and can you shoe me, too?'

'Yes,' replied Barclay, calling to Gregory.

Gregory's fears were now entirely dispersed, and opening his budget, soon equip-

ped young Lindley with a coat and shoes.

'That'll do!' said he. 'Now come along.'

Talking in this manner, they reached a large old-fashioned mansion belonging to Sir William Lindley, the father of the sleep-walker, and finding the door open as he had left it, they entered, and he presently shewed them into two chambers, and wishing them a good snooze, retired to his own.

In the morning Gregory went into the servant's hall & Barclay descended to the breakfast room, where he received a hearty welcome from young Lindley, who was in his jockey dress, all ready to start. He had not been seated many minutes, when old Sir William made his appearance. He was between seventy and eighty, and being addicted to the sports of the field from his infancy, although time had shook his frame a little, his brown ruddy countenance still remained. Tho' he tottered as he walked and was unable to ride, and scarcely to see, yet he was booted and spurr'd, with a long hunting whip in his hand, in which dress he intended to go in his carriage to the races. During the hunting season, to please him, they often turned out in his grounds before the house, when he constantly, let it be as early as it would, appeared at his window in his red coat and cap, perfectly equipped for the chace. He added to this a very enormous proportion of the garrulity of old age.

After Barclay had been introduced to him, he began a long story of his former exploits, which Barclay would have attended to with becoming respect, if young Lindley had not cried, "oh, never mind dad! He's as deaf as a post; we may talk on; he won't mind that, so that you let him go his length. There'd be no standing it otherwise; but if you permit him to keep talking, he does not care an old shoe whether you talk at the same time or not."

He now pointed out the curiosities of the room; and it appeared that he was not content with riding his horses to death, but that he made them carry him afterward, by having their skins made to cover chairs and make shoes, 'I killed old Ball t'other day,' said he, 'a fine tough hide—made me half a dozen pair of rare strong hunting boots. Lose nothing," continued he. "Poor Fan died last winter. I always thought she answered the whip and spur famously. Dear soul, her skin was so thin, that I could have nothing but pumps made of her."

Barclay could not avoid a smile.

"Nice backs to these chairs, eh?" added he. "Every one fox-skin—dad killed 'em all in his time. I'm fitting up a room of my own. In two seasons more I shall be complete. Now, my boy, I call that economy.—Dead good 'un, a'n't I?"

Barclay had not time to reply, before a groom came in to say that the horses and carriage were at the door. Sir William was still going on with an account of a terrible long day's chace.

"Tell him so, then, Bill," said Lindley, pointing to his father.

The groom instantly began cracking his whip, at which the old man pricked up his ears, and, understanding the signal, he rose, and took hold of the groom's arm to go to the coach, saying, "well, mind we leave off at Jerry's Pound—I'll tell you the rest at dinner."

"Now," cried Lindley, "you may do as you like—go with dad or with me. There's the carriage, and there's a horse for you, which you will."

Not wishing to hear the remainder of the story, Barclay declared in favour of the horse.

"That's right," said Lindley, "the horse against the world. Come then, away we go till dinner—Kill your mutton—famous here for Norfolk sheep and Bengal cows. I've asked a precious party to meet you—all three bottle men, except the parson and he drinks four!"

CHAP. XV.

A Lord.—The cunning of a madman.—How his Lordship treated the fiddlers.—A race between two animals, one from Arabia and the other from the Ganges.—Lindley's match with his Lordship.—Dinner table.—The company described.—His Lordship's speech on entering, prophecied—Lindley's wit.—The apothecary found out.—How to make a man fight.—The Major tries to rouse Lindley's martial ardour, but in vain.—Politics.—The difference between a jockey and a scholar.—The Major's speech.—The Doctor's answer. His Lordship compares his head to Clinker's.—Virgil elucidated.—An uproar.

'NOW you'll see such riding,' said Lindley to Barclay as they jogged on towards the course. 'I speak for myself; I flatter myself that I am a match for any gentleman jockey in the kingdom, let the next be where he may.' 'I don't doubt it,' replied our hero; 'but pray who are you going to ride against?' 'a Lord,' said he;—'a laughing, funny, good natured fellow, but mad—mad as a March hare. Not so much so, however, as he was when he was young The mark's out of his mouth now—he's between forty and fifty. Rides a feather, to be sure, because he's such a little whither'd creature; but then, he knows no more about horse-flesh, than if he had never thrown his legs across one. He is not even acquainted with the terms of jockey-ship. Wonderful ignorance!

'You may easily be too cunning for him I should think,' cried Barclay.

'Why, yes,' rejoined the other, 'now he's not so mad as he was, but when he was confined about twenty years ago, he was as cunning as a fox. I'll give you an instance:—his friends were obliged to put him in a private mad- house, the keeper of which had a pretty daughter, and to his charms this daughter was not mad enough to be insensible. The keeper seeing this descried his daughter to encourage his addresses, and at last it was brought to such a pitch, that his Lordship agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published at a church in town, and when the period arrived, they left the mad house in a coach to have the ceremony performed. His Lordship appeared very sane, and the keeper and his daughter chuckled with themselves as they went along, on the great advantage they should derive from such a match. When they arrived at the church his Lordship very properly led the lady up to the altar, and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his Lordship, 'do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?' Upon which he exclaimed, no, no, not so mad as that neither! and taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards. Oh, he's a devil of a fellow. What do you think he did only last week? I'll tell you. He sent to the town only twenty miles from hence, for half a dozen of musicians, meaning to entertain us jollily. Well, by some mistake they came a day too late. His Lordship, said, when he saw them, 'this is very unfortunate; however, you shan't lose your labour, come, play up, and because we won't have any music without dancing, three of you shall play, and the other three dance. The musicians expostulated, but all to no purpose, his Lordship would be obeyed. Presently he observed the three that were playing mightily pleased at seeing their companions skipping before them; upon which his Lordship obliged them to take their turn in the dance, while the other played. 'But here we are,' continued he, 'and yonder I see his Lordship standing by his groom.' Saying this, he put spurs to his horse, and canter'd on, accompanied by Barclay.

After several races, amongst which was one between an Arabian ass and a Bengal cow, which was won by the latter, the ass refusing to start; the match between young Lindley and his Lordship took place, when the former rode out of the course, and the latter fell head over heels. Lindley, not seeing this mistake, went on laughing at his opponent, who, being unhurt, remount-

ed his horse, and taking the right way, came in, and won the stake, to the great mortification of 'the best gentleman jockey in the kingdom.'

It being now near dinner-time, his lordship left the ground to dress, being engaged at Sir William Lindley's. He laughed heartily as he went away, at young Lindley's mistake, who swore revenge.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURIOUS ANECDOTES.

[From Mr. Cumberland's Anecdotes of Eminent Painters in Spain.]

[*For the Philadelphia Repository.*]

ALONSO CANO, the Michael Angelo of Spain, returning home one evening, discovered his wife murdered, his house robbed, and an Italian journeyman, on whom the suspicion naturally fell, escaped, and not to be found. The criminal judges held a court of enquiry upon the fact, and having discovered that Alfonso Cano had been jealous of this Italian, and also that he was known to be attached to another woman, they acquitted the fugitive gallant; and, with a sagacity truly in character, condemned the husband. No choice was now left to Cano but to fly, and abandon Madrid in the midst of his prosperity. He caused it to be reported that he was gone to Portugal, and took refuge in the city of Valencia. Necessity soon compelled him to have resourse to his art, and his art betrayed him. In this exigency he betook himself to the asylum of a Carthusian convent at Porta Coli, about three leagues from Valencia. Here he seemed for a time determined upon taking the order, but either the austerities of that habit, or some hopes of returniug with impunity to a course of life more to his taste than a convent, put him by from his design, and he was even rash enough to return to Madrid, thinking to conceal himself in the house of his father Don Rafael Sanguineto. He made several paintings here as well as at the Carthusians, and not being of a temper to maintain any lasting restraint over himself, he neglected to keep house with Don Rafael, and was apprehended in the streets, and directions were given for putting him to the torture. Cano defended himself by the plea of *excellens arte*, and he obtained so much mitigation as to have his right arm exempted from the ligature. He suffered the rack, and had the resolution, under the tortures, not to criminate himself by any confession, not uttering a single word. This circumstance being related to Philip, he received him again into favour, and as Cano saw there was no absolute safety but within the pale of the church, he solicited the king with that view, and was named Residentary of Grenada. The Chapter objected to his nomination, and deputed two of their number to represent to Philip against the person of Cano, enumerating many disqualifications, and, amongst the rest, want of learning. The king dismissed the deputies, bidding them proceed to admit his nomination, and telling them, that if Cano had been a man of learning, he should perhaps have made him their Bishop and not a Residentiary. 'Priests, like you,' said Philip, 'I, the king, can make at pleasure, but God alone can create an Alonso Cano.'

A Counsellor of Grenada having refused to pay the sum of 100 pistoles for an image of Saint Antonio de Padua, which Cano had made for him, he dashed the saint into pieces on the pavement of his academy, whilst the stupid counsellor was reckoning up how many pistoles per day Cano had earned whilst the work was in hand. 'You have been five-and-twenty days carving this image of Saint Antonio, said the niggardly arithmetician, and the purchase-money demanded being one hundred, you have rated your labour at the exorbitant price of four pistoles per day; whilst I, who am a counsellor, and your superior, do not make half your profits by my talents.'—'Wretch!' cried the enraged artist, 'to talk to me of your talents—I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days!' and so saying, he flung it with the utmost violence upon the pavement. The affrighted counsellor escaped out of the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man who was bold enough to demolish a saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer. Happy for Cano, the story did not reach the ears of the Inquisition, else he would have had a second rehearsal of his former tortures, and the doom of Forrigiano; but he escaped with no other punishment than a suspension from his function by the Chapter of Grenada, to which, however, he was restored by the king, but not until he had finished a magnificent crucifix, which the queen had commissioned him to carve, and which he had long neglected to perform. This passed in the year 1658. From this period to his death he led an exemplary life of great charity and devotion. When he had no money to bestow in alms, which was frequently the case, he would call for paper, and give a beggar a drawing, directing him where to carry it for sale.

ANECDOTES.

Some gentlemen were lately admiring a horse belonging to a countryman. The honest farmer thinking more praise was bestowed on his beast than it deserved, said to some of the gentlemen, "True, she is a very fine mare, but she *stumbles* like the *nation*." "Then, (replied one of the gentlemen) she must be a good for nothing beast indeed.

—

Not long since, an artful rogue went into a house in this city, and proceeded directly up into a chamber, where was an elegant bed and furniture, which he rolled up in a sheet, threw across his shoulder, and descended the stairs backwards; just as he had got upon the lower floor, the owner of the house entered, the fellow immediately marched forward as though he was going with his bundle into the house. The gentleman accosted him with "What have you there, friend?" "The bed, Sir, which you purchased at auction," answered the thief; "You must be mistaken, (replied the gentleman,) for I have purchased no bed at auction." With pretended surprise, the villain stepped to the door, and looking at the house, observed "he had mistaken the street," begged the gentleman's pardon, and escaped, unsuspected with his booty.

—

On the occasion of a general fast in England, an Oxford publican, who was too much of a sinner to comply with the order, admitted a party of the scholars into his house, got them a very good dinner, served it in a back room, shut his front windows, and double locked the street door. Of this business the proctor somehow or other got information, and attended by the proper officers, came and knocked at the

door, but the door was fast, and the young gentlemen made their escape the back way.—The proctor knocked, and knocked again, and at length the door was opened, and the party marched in official state to the room, but the birds were flown, the bottles and glasses removed, and the landlord sitting with a large family bible spread upon the table before him, and his eyes half shut; he rose on their entrance, and apologized for their having been kept at the door so long,—"but he had (and really he was ashamed of it) fallen fast asleep over a chapter in the *Prophet Jeremiah*."—"You are an excellent fellow," said one of the gentlemen, "you are a most excellent fellow, but we cannot take hold of you now, nor indeed do I think we ought; you have kept strictly to the *letter* of the law, and not only made your family *fast*, but fallen *fast* asleep yourself, and made your doors and windows *fast*. You are an excellent fellow, but take care of yourself, and do not make a practice of playing at *fast* and *loose*."

—

A young fellow being at a public dinner, and observing one of the guests artfully pocket a table spoon, took another, and very gravely stuck it in his button-hole. Being asked what he meant, he replied, I saw my neighbour here put a spoon in his pocket, and apprehending it was the custom for us all to take one, preferred putting mine in my button-hole.

—

An honest Hibernian, who had been bred up in the interior part of the country, and had never seen a ship or a boat, happened to be journeying near a canal, in which was a large barge, sailing before an easy breeze. Struck with the novel appearance, Paddy quickened his jog, and with considerable exertion kept pace with the barge for some time, until coming to a lock, the bargemen began to lower their sails to pass it; when Paddy, almost exhausted and out of breath, gave up the chace, exclaiming, "Arrah! if you run so fast with your coat on, the Devil himself will not keep up to you when you strip to it!"

—

A small boy seeing a gentleman walking the street, placed himself in a convenient place to speak to him; when the gentleman came up, the boy pulled off his hat, held it out to the gentleman, and begged a few cents. "Money!" exclaimed the gentleman, "you had much better beg for manners than money." "I asked for that," said the boy, "I thought you had the most of."

The Caterer.

NO. II.

By PETER DILIGENT.

—

WANTS—*which every one must feel.*

Virtue wants—*sincere* votaries; Wisdom—more *earnest* suppliants; and, Truth *real* friends and admirers.

"Pure and undefiled Religion," wants—*less said* about the *theory*, and *more done* about the *practice* of it.

Philanthrophy wants—a *residence*, and Fidelity—an *asylum*.

Love and Charity want—to be in *better credit*.

Pride wants—to be *kicked out* of company and Humility *introduced*.

Every old woman, silly girl or officious young fellow, who hears of any *amour*, (or even of two persons of different sexes being seen to converse together) want *mightily* to be at the *bottom of it*.

Every old bachelor (who has not somebody, *incog.*) wants—a *wife*; "every girl in America," above fifteen, not already provided for, wants—a *husband*.

—

HINTS.

A WOMAN's dress, like her reputation, should be without a spot. Neatness in attire is a most powerful attraction: it in some measure compensates for the want of beauty; and where the personal charms are numerous, it gives them a double lustre. Nor is this quality less propitious to health than to fortune and love. A perpetual attention to the minutiæ of cleanliness is deemed the most sovereign preservative against all diseases, endemial as well as constitutional; while dirty finery creates a waste of expence, and never fails to disgust, and sometimes to injure.

—

AN absurd passion is generally prevalent,—that of wishing to be thought what we are not. *Miss Kitty Ogle* has the sweetest blue eyes, but is hourly pining for *Polly Peacock's* black ones. *Miss Jenkins* has the most beautiful auburn hair, yet dies with envy for the golden tresses of *Charlotte Carrot*. And although *Miss Giggle* possesses the most pleasing aquiline nose, she still laments the hook of it, and wishes to have the smart little turn-up nose of *Maria Snivel*.....The young merchant laments the drudgery of mercantile affairs, and thinks no life so happy as the player's. The player exclaims against his hard fortune, that dooms him to fret his hour out on the stage, and envies the snug retreat of the country gentleman. The rustic anxiously sighs for the town, and thinks the life of a man of fashion one circle of uninterrupted joy. The man of fashion pants to be thought a *genius*, and imagines if he could but obtain literary fame, every body would then pay their court to him; while the man of wit and genius, equally ridiculous and extravagant, wishes to be thought to possess qualities which he really does not, and neglects those which he has.

—

The bachelors of the present day pretend that ladies are spoiled for wives by their education, and the manners they assume. But why is all the fault charged on them? Would women who are fond of staying at home, and attending to the economy of their families, be proper companions for a race of men who constantly frequent *playhouses*, *taverns*, or *gaming-tables*?

—

MEMORY.

A BAD MEMORY is a common complaint. This defect arises, in general, from want of close thinking. Persons suffer their minds to rove from one object to another, without fixing upon any. Public discourses of the most serious nature, and private conversation on the most important subjects are lost on such minds. While they should be employed in examining, in comparing and reflecting on the subject discussed, foolish imaginations frequently occupy their whole attention. In the same way, people mismanage their business, by *forgetting*, (or *neglecting*, which is all one as to the effect,) their own proper employment, and busying themselves about other people's. Those who have fallen into habits of this kind, seldom have strength of mind to correct them, however sensible they may be of their pernicious tendency.

"Among the common modes of assisting the memory, (says a certain writer) I recollect none more whimsical than that which is related by a famous Italian statuary.—He tells us, that one evening, when he was sitting quietly by the fire-side, his father suddenly gave him a violent box on the ear. This astonished him, as it was without any provocation; but his father after tenderly embracing him, said "You are surprised, my son, at what has happened; but look into that part of the fire." I looked and saw a *salamader*. "Now," said my father, "I gave you this blow that you might, all your life time, remember that you had seen this animal, whose existence is so much doubted."

A RAKING POT OF TEA.

THIS singular custom still exists among the ladies of *Ireland;* though it has long been banished from the higher orders of Irish gentry.

The mysteries of *a raking pot of tea* are supposed to be sacred to females, but now and then it happens that some of the male species, who are either more audacious, or more highly favoured than the rest of their sex, have been admitted by stealth to these orgies. The time when the festive ceremony begins, is never earlier than 12 o'clock at night; as all the joys of a raking pot of tea depend on its being made in secret, and at an unseasonable hour. After a ball, when the more discreet part of the company has departed to rest, a few chosen female spirits, who have footed it till they can foot it no longer, and the sleepy notes expire under the slurring hand of the musician, retire to a bed-chamber, call the favourite maid, bid her *put down the kettle,* lock the door, and amidst as much giggling as possible, get round a tea-table, on which all manner of things are huddled together. Then begin mutual railleries, and mutual confidences,—the faint scream and the loud laugh is heard,—romping for letters and pocket-books begins,—gentleman are called by their surnames, or by the general name of fellows,—pleasant fellows!—charming fellows!—odious fellows!—abominable fellows!—Then all prudish decorums are forgotten; and then we might be convinced how much the poet was mistaken when he said,

"There is no woman where there's no reserve."

BARBAROUS CUSTOM AMONG CERTAIN TRIBES OF INDIANS.

WHEN parents become enfeebled by age, and unable to support themselves, it is esteemed an act of duty in their children to strangle them. This shocking rite is performed in the following manner: The old person's grave is dug, into which he voluntarily descends; and after smoking a pipe, or perhaps drinking a dram or two, and conversing with his children, he intimates that he is ready to submit to his fate. On this two of them put a thong about his neck, and standing on opposite sides of the grave, pull violently till he is strangled. They then cover him with earth, and erect a rude monument of stones over the spot....Such old people as have no children, require this last office from the hands of their friends, and it is thought uncharitable to refuse it.

[*From the* BALANCE.]

"Owe no man any thing:"

BECAUSE the interest will eat while you are asleep. It is like the mouse that by incessant diligence eats thro' a cable—it is a constant dropping, which wears away stones. It is more destructive than fire; for it will consume your house, tho' it should be built FIRE PROOF; it will also consume your land and all your substance.

Consider, man, the sum that the shoeing of a horse would come to, at a penny a nail, and doubling the penny as often as there are nails in the shoes; and then calculate the increase of compound interest, which doubles the debt once in about ten years.

"Owe no man any thing:"

Because, if you plunge into debt, you forfeit your independence. When pay day comes (and it always comes with a quick pace) you will be in the power of your creditor, and he may arrest you and deprive you of your liberty. The debtor lives in servile fear of his creditor, and is unable to stand up before him PLUMB, and with countenance erect, as man ought to stand before man; but he sheepishly looks down upon the ground, or turns his eyes askance, like a criminal, and the blood flees from his coward heart into his face. Now, if you barter away your independence for a fine coat or gown, for a fine horse and carriage, or a "[illegible] THING," you give too much for the whistle.

"Owe no man any thing:"

Because running into debt leads to lying. A distinguished sage of this country remarked that "lying rides upon debt's back." The debtor, in order to put off the surly and importunate creditor for the present, tells him a long story, as false as it is sad, concerning disappointments which he has met with, and also of money that he expects to receive to-morrow or next week; he moreover, makes him fine promises, which he expects never to perform; and one lie naturally draws more after it; for it needs several more lies, to prop it up and help it out.

Thus the man loses, at once, his character for veracity, and his morals.

Beware of dipping into debt for superfluities.

A fine horse is a pleasant thing, but he may break his leg and be lost; therefore do not purchase him unless you have money enough on hand.

Make the old furniture do for the present, rather than run in debt for such as is new and elegant. It is better to turn the old coat than to run in debt for a new one. "But see there's a hole in it."—Never mind *that;*—put in a patch. A patch apon the back or sleeve will look and feel better than to be clapped upon the back, by a sheriff, or to be led by the sleeve to prison.

THE THREE THIEVES;
OR,
HAMET AND BERNARD.

MOST noble cavaliers, my tale neither offers to your view the gallant deeds of chivalry, nor the subtle schemes of a wife to hide her secret intrigues from her husband, but humbly recounts the dexterous exploits of three thieves, in the vicinity of Lán, whose joint talents had for some time put both laity and clergy under contribution. Two of them were brothers, called Hamet and Bernard. Their father, who had followed the same profession, ended his days on the gallows, the common fate of talents so employed. The other's name was Travers. One thing was, they never committed murder, but were satisfied in picking pockets, and their address in this way was almost incredible.

One day, when they were all three walking in a wood near Lán, the conversation fell on their own exploits; and Hamet, the elder of the two brothers, spying a magpye's nest, with the bird in it, at the top of a large oak, said to Bernard—

"Brother, if any body was to propose to you to take the eggs from under that bird, without disturbing her, what would you say?"

"I should say," replied the young one, "he was mad, and required an impossibility."

"I would have you to know, friend," rejoined Hamet, "one not able to do that must be an awkward hand at picking a pocket. Look at me."—

So saying, he immediately climbed the tree, got to the nest, and opening it gently at the bottom, caught the eggs one by one as they slid out, and brought them down, boasting that not one was broken.

"Faith, it must be owned that you are an incomparable fellow," cried Bernard: "and now, if you can put the eggs under the bird again as you took them out, you may fairly call yourself our superior."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and mounted again; but this was only a trick

of Bernard's, for when he saw him at a certain height, he said to Travers—

"Now you have seen what my brother can do, you shall have a touch of my art," and instantly mounted after Hamet, followed him from branch to branch, and while the other glided along like a serpent, with his eyes intently fixed on the nest, watching the slightest motion of the bird, that he might not frighten her, the adroit rogue untied his drawers, and returned with them in his hand, as a trophy of his victory.

In the meanwhile, Hamet, having replaced the eggs, came down, expecting the praises due to such an exploit.

"That's a good one," says Bernard, laughing, "to attempt to impose upon us; I'll lay a wager he has them hid in his drawers."

The eldest, looking down, found they were gone, and immediately knew it was a trick of his brother's. "He is a clever thief, indeed," said he, "who can rob another."

As for Travers, he so equally admired the two heroes, that he was doubtful which merited the palm. But so much address humbled him, and mortified to think he was not qualified to enter the lists with them, he said—

"Gentlemen, you know too much for me, for you would escape twenty times where I should always be taken. I see I am too awkward ever to succeed in this occupation, therefore I will renounce it, and take to my own again; live with my wife, and work hard; and I hope, by the blessing of God, we shall not want."

He really returned to the village, as he said. His wife was very fond of him: he became a very honest man, and worked so hard, that, in a few months, he was able to buy a pig, and fatten it at home. At Christmas he killed it, and, as is usual, hung it up by the feet against the wall, and went to his work in the fields. It had been lucky for him if he had sold it, and saved all the trouble and anxiety it gave him, as you will see.

Just after he was gone out, the two brothers, who had not seen him since the day that they parted, came to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed in spinning. She told them that her husband was gone out, and would not return till the evening. You may very well suppose that the pig did not escape their watchful eyes; and when they left the house, they said to each other—"So, so,—this rogue has a mind to regale himself, and not invite us. As that is the case, we must carry off the pig, and eat it without him." They then laid their plan, and went and hid themselves in a neighbouring hedge till night.

When Travers returned, in the evening, his wife told him of her strange visitors. "They were such ill-looking fellows," said she, "that I was frightened, being alone, and durst not ask either their names or business. They pryed about every where; and I don't believe a single nail escaped them."

"Alas! these are my two rogues," cried Travers, dolefully. "The pig is gone, that's certain:——oh, that I had but sold it!"

"There's still one way to save it," said the wife, "let us take it down from the hook, and hide it somewhere for the night. To-morrow, as soon as it is light, we will consider what further to do with it."

Travers followed his wife's advice, took down the bacon, laid it on the floor at the other end of the room, and put the kneading-trough over it. He then went to bed, but not without anxiety. At midnight the brothers came to put their scheme in execution. The elder kept watch, while Bernard bored a hole in the wall opposite the place where piggy had hung, but he soon found out there was nothing left but the string.—"The bird is flown," said he, "we are come too late."

(To be Concluded in our next.)

The Querist.

NO. IV.

The best, perhaps the only way of getting knowledge, *is to* ENQUIRE AND OBJECT. CHESTERFIELD.

MR. HOGAN,

BEFORE I proceed further in my enquiries, I beg leave, thro' the medium of your Repository, to return my cordial thanks to the Correspondent who communicated the "Observations on the Behemoth, by a Female Friend," as, by such communication, I and many of your readers, have been entertained with a treat, highly gratifying to curiosity. Nor can I, in this place, avoid expressing the obligations I am under, and indeed I think the public likewise, to this intelligent Female Friend, for laudably seizing so happy an opportunity of throwing light upon some of those passages of the SACRED RECORDS, which it has puzzled the most learned for ages, fully to explain, perhaps even to believe. Whether her observations will or will not produce a conviction that the Behemoth and Mammoth are of one kind, is not a matter of such infinite importance. Those observations are highly valuable in more points than one, and no doubt will be productive of beneficial consequences, both as to religious belief and philosophic speculation.

It is well known, that it is not long since the ignorance of an animal larger than the elephant, not only gave rise to sceptics in the religion of the BIBLE, but afforded them matter of triumph, and finally led men, in other respects the most enlightened on earth, to pour upon the Christian world, all the stores of the sarcastic ridicule of Infidels. Were those *mighty* philosophers now alive, how would they be confounded by these plain but forcible observations of our Female Friend, or at any rate by the information of the present day, which amounts to "evidence of things not seen!"—They considered it as a reflection upon the dignity of philosophy, to believe what they could not comprehend, what they could not account for, what they could not see, or what they had not known; and therefore, because the facts recorded in the SACRED SCRIPTURES, did not in every respect resemble, or precisely accord with the relations in prophane history, or the occurrences of their own times, they did not hesitate to look upon the BIBLE as a pack of fables, a collection of the delusive chimeras of visionaries, or the craft of Vanity and Ambition, to impose upon the easy credulity of the populace. Possessed of these sentiments, all their *reasonings* upon subjects of antiquity must necessarily have been as they now are, in this way,—"You believe in the Bible?"—Yes.—"And do you believe there ever existed an animal as large as the Behemoth, mentioned in Job?"—Yes.—"Then you must be stupid or a fool—Pray, why are there now no animals larger than the elephant? Pshaw! 'Tis all imposition!—All kinds of creatures that ever existed, exist still—But *there are no Behemoths* NOW, *therefore* THERE NEVER HAVE BEEN ANY—'Tis all stuff—*Natural Reason* contradicts it," &c. &c. Reader, what think you of this Philosophy and Logic? Should they be so ridiculous or shocking as to make "Common Sense run frighted to the door," you must not blame me for it—they are not of my manufacturing, I assure you.—They were the Philosophy and Logic of the Literati of the last age—They are the Philosophy and Logic of the Illuminati of the present age—They are prevalent in France and America at this day—And they are even in some of the churches, Liceums & School Associations of this city.—Well therefore might Patrole (lately in the Gaz. of the U. S.) call out,—"Watchman, what of the night?—Watchman, what of the night?—If ye will enquire, ENQUIRE YE."* Q.

* Isaiah xxi. 11, 12.

The Bouquetier.

NO. V.

THE ZEPHYR.

ADDRESSED TO R. W*.

Arabia cannot boast,
A fuller gale of joy, than lib'ral thence
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravished soul.
THOMPSON.

AS now, from highest noon, the sun descends,
And down Heav'n's western arch his journey bends;
The mildest radiance spreads around the sky;
And scenes invite to charm, the mind and eye.

PHILANDER, favorite of the tuneful Nine,
O condescend to join thy steps with mine,
Thro' yon green groves, and o'er yon rural plains,
While now life-breathing, balmy *Zephyr* reigns—

That Zephyr which erewhile, in gentle play,
Temper'd the ardour of the Solar ray,
And, where the heats where blending to destroy,
Breath'd o'er the arid flow'rets love and joy:

Like the mild spirit of that dulcet song,
Whose soothing numbers, smoothly pour'd along,
Calm'd the warm-rising passion of my breast,
And all resentful feeling hush'd to rest.*

Blest spirit! ever breathing love and peace,
Which bids life's comforts flourish and encrease;
And, where harsh, grating, jarrings vex'd the soul,
Makes reconcilement, joy and friendship roll.

Oh! were my bosom but inform'd as thine,
With wisdom, with benevolence divine,
And that kind generosity, which knows
No greater bliss than healing others' woes;

How sweet would be this recreative range!
Sweet would our mutual feelings interchange!
Sweet our affections in one channel run!
And, one our theme, our sentiments be one.

But see! as now before and on each side,
The varied prospect opes, expanding wide,
This nature-fashion'd bow'r invites our stay,
T' enjoy the beauties of declining day.

Here may we gaze with pleasure and delight,
On picture-scenes that usher on the sight;
Far as extends the fondly-roving eye,
To where earth seems to mingle with the sky.

Delightful prospect!—On yon grass-clad meads
The Shepherd's checquer'd flock in plenty feeds;
While near, reclin'd, he pours Love's tender tale,
Whose plaintive notes remurmur in the vale.

Yon tree-crown'd hills, in contrast, greet the view,
Whose deep-green softens 'mid th' etherial blue;
Along their sides the Farmers' mansions stand,
Whose red and white the attention first command.

Gliding thence downward to the vale again,
The bed of *Schuylkill* seems one glassy plain;
So clear its stream, its current so serene,
That heav'n's wide arch is on its bosom seen.

Scarce turn'd from hence, the captive eye admires
The stately grandeur of the City-spires;
Whose sky-wrapt pinnacles as cones, unfold,
And setting day reflect like burnish'd gold.

Delightful prospect for the *Painter's* plume!
Here Nature, rob'd in beauty and in bloom,
In just proportion has her hues display'd,
To all their various force of light and shade.

Delightful prospect for the *Poet's* Muse
To rove excursive, any theme to chuse!
For, all around Parnassian bow'rs appear;
And streams, as pure as Helicon, are here.

Here *Zephyr* holds his reign in every grove,
Wak'ning creation with the breath of Love,
Here, sportive play the train of rosy Spring,
With whose sweet carols hills and vallies ring.

The balmy airs that swell into a breeze,
Whose gentle eddies waves th' enamour'd trees,
Just fresh from kissing Flora's nect'ard stores,
Waft the rich odours of ten thousand flow'rs:

Thus breathes the Fair, whose virgin-lips impart
Life's cordial to the love-sick, drooping heart;
And thus young, smiling Cupids carol round
Encouragement, in rapture's silver sound.

Delightful prospect for soft *Music's* Lyre!
Here, GOD and *Nature* noblest themes inspire;
Whether to charm earth's busy cares away;
Or lift the soul to Heav'n's eternal day:

Here Meditation, from the City flown,
Her musings may indulge in peace, alone;
Reflection's mirror, here, point out the path
Secure, thro' devious life and dreary death.

Delightful prospect for the cultur'd mind,
Where Virtue and devotion are combin'd,
The best affections of the heart to move
And tune to worship, gratitude and love.

Then, dear PHILANDER, fav'rite of the Nine,
O condescend my future walks to join;
And from the turmoils of the town repair,
T' inhale life-breathing, balmy *Zephyr's* air.

Here may we spend the morning, ev'ning, hours,
While friendly converse, fills these wisdom-bow'rs;
And, in this calm retreat of Solitude,
Our gifts improve for fellow-creatures' good.

Then as, while thus engag'd in sweet employ,
Devotion vibrates on the string of joy,
The Lyre our choral-anthem shall prolong,
And list'ning spirits, pleas'd, applaud the song.

AMYNTOR.

* *See his "Reconciliatory Address to the rival Poets, Amyntor and 'J. C.' page 56. which for its good sense and benignity does honour to his head and heart.* A.

PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 5, 1802.

THUCYDIDEAN's ATTEND!

☞ A meeting of the "THUCYDIDEAN SOCIETY," will be held at the usual place, this evening at half past 7 o'clock.

N. B. Punctual attendance is earnestly requested.

June 5th, 1802.

Amyntor's Poems.

IT is several months since proposals were issued for publishing these poems: the list of subscribers already obtained is respectable, and their number considerable; but not sufficiently so to induce those concerned to put the work to press. A number of gentleman have expressed their willingness to subscribe as soon as the printing is begun; it is however earnestly requested that those who intend to patronize the work, will come *immediately* forward with their names; as its publication will not be undertaken on an uncertainty.

AMONG the extraordinary phenemena of Paris may be classed the numerous lodges of *female Free-Masons;* these have existed many years there; they originally received their degrees from the regular lodges, but their whole proceedings, as their signs, &c. is different. Once a month there is at the Mason's Lodges, what is called a lodge of adoption, that is, that they receive ladies that night, and also can make *Masonesses* at that time, after which there is always an elegant supper and ball. It is amazing how such abominations are permitted to exist. The infamous Duke of Orleans, at the beginning of the Revolution, or previous to it, introduced or promoted these infamous associations, which we are informed were attended with such enormities, as not only shock decency, but outrage humanity.

[From the Catskill Newspaper.]

"But there is yet a *Liberty* unsung
By Poets, and by Senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of earth and hell confederate, take away."
COWPER.

My worthy Customers,

The poet most unquestionably when speaking of liberty, meant liberty of conscience; but the liberty which the subscriber wishes to make use of is *Law* liberty. Grant me the liberty to inform all those indebted to my books, that if they do not call and settle by the 1st of May, or (at farthest) in the month of May, they may have the liberty of appearing before a Magistrate.

N. HINMAN.

Marriages.

MARRIED, On the 27th ult. by the Rev. John Greer, Dr. Samuel Anderson, of Chester, (Delaware county) to Mrs. Sarah Moore, of Marcus Hook.

———On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. Benjamin Harrison, to Miss Margaret Bickley, both of this City.

———Same day, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. David Tomson, to the amiable Mrs. Ann George, both of this city.

———On the 1st. inst. by the Rev. John Ewing, of Chesterville, at the seat of Israel Ellicot, Esq. Wm. Ewing Esq. to Miss M. Ellicot.

Deaths.

DIED...At Bedford on the 29th ult. after a short and severe illness, in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Jay, the amiable and much respected wife of his excellency John Jay, late Governor of the State of New-York, and one of the daughters of the late Governor Livingston, deceased.

———Lately, on his passage from Trinidad to this port, Mr. Jasper M'Call, of this city.

———On the 31st ult, Mrs. Deborah Field, wife of Mr. John Field of this city.

———In England, on the 18th of April, while writing in his study, at the priory near Derbey, to which he had lately removed, Dr. DARWIN, without the least previous indisposition. This gentleman justly held a rank in the literary world, by his writings of the Botanic Gardens, Zoonomia, Phytologia &c. &c..... Also the Earl of Guilford. His Lordship was born in 1757. He is succeeded by his brother Lieut. Col. Frances North.

———Yesterday morning, Mr. William Gartly, son of Mr. John Gartley, of this City.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*Manus Manum Fricat,*" by *Willy Smooth*, a pleasant fellow,—as it fails! however.

"*Delia: a Pastoral,*" by *Eugenio*,—"*Thoughts on Riches*" by *Carlos*—correspondents always acceptable.

"*The Captive,*" we perceive to be an extract,—it will not, however, be overlooked when the Temple of the Muses is less crowded with original votaries.

"*Reflections on the mutability of sublunary things,*" by *Alfred*,—"*A Dream,*" by *Corydon*, &c. also received.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POERY.

HYMNS.

HYMN III.

"Can'st thou by searching find out God? Can'st thou find out the Almighty unto perfection. Job xi. 7.

O WHO can trace Thy matchless ways,
Thou Source of Being! from thy hand
Came Nature, who Thy pow'r displays
Where time does roll, or space expand.

Thought, soaring thought, fain to explore
How wide extends Thy pow'rful reign;
What systems hang upon Thy word!
What worlds thy circling arms sustain!

From Saturn's orb swift wings her way
Through space, where countless suns give light,
Where beauteous worlds rejoice in day,
And Moons unnumber'd grace the night.

But still no circling shore appears,
No termination to Thy reign,—
Each sun, each world, each moon declares
Thy mighty word doth all sustain.

Again, the active bounds in air,
And countless comets leaves behind;
Still boundless space proclaims "Beware!
"Ceate spark of All-Creative Mind;

"Seek not to trace His matchless ways,
"Which heav'n's arch-angels cannot scan,
"Pause—humbly kneel, believe, obey,
"Frail creature know *that thou art man.*"

Now low before Thy heav'nly throne
Father of Light and Life I bend;
Man's feeble pow'rs, most humbly own,
Thy mighty works can't comprehend;—

But still our song shall far transcend
The waud'ring comets' mazy round,
On wings of Faith to heav'n ascend
And join the universal sound—

Though Thou infinity conceal
From man below and spi'rit above;
Yet all do know, and taste, and feel
Thy rich, unpurchas'd, boundless Love.

X. W. T.

TO DELIA:

WITH A ROSE.

"Virtue's the chiefest beauty of the mind,
"The noblest ornament of Female kind!

OBSERVE that *Rose*, so richly drest
By Nature's hand, in colours gay!
The fragrance of her lovely breast,
Adds sweetness to the breath of May.

But see, again! her tender leaves
Are faded,—wither'd by the sun:
She drops her florid head, and grieves
Her roseate race so soon is run.

Just so my fair! the lively bloom,
Diffus'd by nature o'er thy face,
Must soon give way,—and pallid gloom
To flushing ruddiness take place.

Improve the moments ere they fly,
By stor'ing Wisdom in thy mind;
So shall thy virtues never die,
Thy heart perennial sunshine find.

EUGENIO.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

My heart bleeds for him—See along the street,
Friendless he wanders,—now with hunger wild!
And now he weeps like poor Misfortune's child,
And plucks the thorn from out his shoeless feet.
To you, ye Rich, I call, for I am poor,
Else would I screen his cold unsheltter'd head;
Oh! smile upon the lad, and give him bread,
Nor send him naked from your wealthy door:
Nor slight the tale pronounc'd with faultering breath—
His father in the distant battle fell,
With broken heart his mother sunk in death:
And he was forc'd to leave his native vale;
Forc'd in the rugged wiles of life to stray,
With no kind guardian to point out the way.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD,

BY A FRIEND.

GONE! art thou, Mary! loveliest Flow'r of May!
So cheerful once, so blooming, sweet and gay,
Alas! for thee, tho' many tears have flown,
A friend sincere must also add his own.
Yet thou, my dear, hast left a world of woe,
And never more can'st pain or sickness know:
Thou, fairest innocence! art with the blest
In happy mansions of eternal rest.
Then cease, fond parent, friends your tears give o'er,
Since dearest Mary's only gone before
Where all must follow some few seasons more.

O heav'nly Music! thy kind aid impart;
Thy melting strains alone can bring relief:
O come and soothe the mind o'erwhelm'd with grief,
O give sweet comfort to the wounded heart!

ENIGMA.

BEFORE the Sun and Stars gave light,
And with bright splendor shone:
Before arch-angels stood around
The great Creator's throne—

Before Jehovah had proclaim'd
This vast creation, good,
I held my station on the throne
Of the eternal God.

I still with my Creator dwell,
And here with man below—
As lovely as the vernal morn
And pure as whitest snow.

I'm naked as the new-born babe,
Yet often I'm disguis'd:
I flatter none, and none I hate,
Nor slander e'er practis'd.

By all mankind I am well known;
By good men I'm rever'd—
Tho' haughty kings may me despise
Yet oft by them I'm fear'd.

Oft am I, with fair Innocence,
By sland'rous tongues defam'd—
To stand before the sternest judge
I never was asham'd.

I always am beneath a veil
By hypocrites conceal'd—
But hold, my muse, should I say more
My name would be reveal'd.

ORLANDO.

ANSWER

TO THE ENIGMA IN PAGE 199.

'TIS *happiness* we mortals seek,
Tho' oft in vain from earthly good;
For 'tis by few beneath the skies
The blessing's rightly understood.

The sun shall fade, the stars shall fall,
The earth and all shall pass away;
Yet *Happiness* in heaven shall hold
Triumphant everlasting sway.

ORLANDO.

SELECTED.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

MY sledge and hammer lie declin'd,
My bellows too have lost their wind!
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice, is in the dust all laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.
My fire-dried carpse, lies here at rest,
My soul, smoke-like, soars to be blest.

The following is the Enigmatical list of REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTERS, *promised in the 14th No.*

1. To make clean, part of a bird omitting the first letter, and twenty-hundred weight.

2. The father of many children, and the fifteenth consonant.

3. Two sixths of a state in the United-States, the fourth consonant, three fifths of a passage over a river, and a father's male relation.

4. The sport of ambitious Kings, and a small bird omitting the first letter.

5. Four sixths of a large populous country, the eighth consonant, and half a woven substance.

6. Four fifths of the companion of justice, and two thirds of to mistake.

7. A town in the Island of Jamaica, omitting the fifth letter, and sprightliness, omitting the third letter.

8. Three sevenths of an Electorate in Germany, and a male domestic fowl.

9. A passage into a fortified town, and a serpentine letter.

10. Two fifths of a liquid, a vowel, and two fifths of an inhabitant of Africa.

11. A colour, and the second vowel.

12. To court, and to move, changing a letter.

MILO.

Errata in p. 232. piece signed *Carlos*. 2d l. from bot. for "*of* moss cover'd couches," read "*on* moss cover'd couches."